UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1844, WHOLE NO. 1215.

Original Poetry.

THE MYSTIC KING.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE LEYDON BARD.

There's a sovereign king, whose decrees we find
Are devoutly obeyed by all mankind;
To whose lordly rules, and majestic sway,
The whole human race tribute, homage pay
Of all, ev'ry one, through the world's wide bound,
Were his laws supreme, and his king undivided;
Whilst far as the course of the daily sun
Does the broad expanse of his empire run.

Through every age, and through every clime,
Was his universal sway and dominion prime;
Whilst brighter and bolder his proud deeds glow,
Still extended, gilded, and His course grew
Most shining and wild. Through the earth's far bound
Are his footsteps seen, and his sovereign sound
Portraiture grave does his power impress;
Write his exiled throne in the heart of man!

O'er the middle floor of the palace hall
He ordain'd in grandeur his lead foot-fall:
The vermilion hue comes in his woeful shine,
And are prone to look where his luminous shone,
To the humble cot he but seldom flies,
Nor to revel his wealth in a glim'ring throne.
The powerless poor are his visitor mode,
And among his meanest his triumphs are found.

The monarch in his contented falls down,
And shrinks in despair at his angry frowns;
The fabulous, mighty, the mythical proud poor,
Are forced to the dales his mandates command;
And fall at his nations and bow to his will,
To obey with pride his envoy's command:
To prosper his schemes, and promote his will,
And the fearful ends of his wish find!

His heavenly epistle, and his wish-known name
By millions is hailed as their learned fame;
Whilst proudly he smiles that but few dare pause
To manifest his joy at his fearful cause;
His dad pace forth in its awful form,
As the thunder peal from the raging storm;
His cannon-ball—his sword—his gleaming dart,
And death is the lot of the unsung king one!

Would you know the name of this mystic king:
And the joys desire he sweeps to bring?
Would you bend the knee at his ruled throne,
And the spoils upon court, where his laws have shone?
The WRETCH—and shame to his pride he stands
Is the vain'ring name to the awful hands.
Whilst indeed in his iron-bound valley still
The highest of deeds in confusion dwell!

His iron-cast heart is her tarnished gold,
O! which only when gone is the value told!
His phantasm—at most but the dross refin'd,
By the force of art, from the health's depths mix'd!
His promises—not with the pomp of life,
Though filled with the chords of discovering strife!
His hope—but the bubble of empty air;
Which burst, and revenge you to dark despair!

Ah, turn from the souls where his first advance;
Coal trembles fire in his sparkling glance!
Believe not the jokes which his lips proclaim—
They mock to woe, and mantle in shame!
Beware how ye tread!—'tis a slipp'ry path,
Where the serpent lurks in his deadly wrath!
Turn! ere it reaches a single foot!
For broken take wings and soon glide away!

Original Tales.

THE BRIGAND OF THE BARRANCAS.

A Tale of Mexico.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE "POOR SCHOLAR."

The Barranca Seca lies on the route between Vera Cruz to Mexico between the village and the pueblo di Perote. Art could not have designated a pass more favorable to the operations of a brigand. A deep gully in the mountains, worn by time and water, overshadowed by lofty trees with a dense underwood of aloes and parasitical plants, and intersected by numerous dark recesses branching off into the neighboring mountains, as you can perceive by the accompanying picture of its intense dreariness. Wild as the Abruzzi, no traveller can enter the gloomy defile without feelings of dread, heightened, perhaps, by the sight of its hundred crosses, marking the graves of as many murdered victims! The traveller is not very peaceful long if he will examine, "Why is this? Why is the Barranca Seca, not lined with soldiers?" He forgets that there are twenty miles of open road to the reste, all affording similar facilities to the lurking latrone; and as for the soldiers, they are little better than banditti themselves. To understand the causes of this unhappy state of things, the sceptical must himself visit "this people land, where no law is, or not life."

The sun was just sinking behind the Orcilliera, looking the last peak of Orizava in golden light, when six travellers—including myself—seated in the diligencia, and escorted by a troop of dragoons, passed through the gates of Vera Cruz, en route for Mexico. The coach drew up outside the gates, while the guard took examined our passports. Five of them were instantly produced, but there seemed to be some difficulty about the paper of a gentleman who, in straw and sombrero, heavily moustached and muffled, occupied a back seat in the diligencia.

"Come, come, Señor Capitan, it is needless to be so particular—we are all honest travellers—my passport is in my pocket, but mislaid for the moment."

With a grave of dissatisfaction, the half drunken guards, evidently glad to have no further trouble, returned to his cup of aguardiente, and our John shortening the reins, gave the whip to his team of eight in hand, and we were soon rolling at full gallop through the barren sand hills that shut the miserable La Villa rica del Vera Cruz.

I am a landscape painter by profession, and consequently lost no opportunity of surveying the scenery on my travels. From an eminence I looked back on "the rich city of the true cross," as it lay in the mellowing twilight. The sea had cut from the shore *Colonel* and his last beam was just kissing the cross of the Cathedral. A few moments and that beam would cut off some far summit of the western Cordilleras—the flat roofs of the houses were blackened with explosives, and one giant volcano, the country of the white poop, was perched high over his fellows on the crest of the cupola. How sublime—solitary and enslaved—was that very spot more than three centuries ago, when the vultures of Spain hovered around that same cross, glutted by sacrifices and stained with blood! The castle of San Juan de Ulua towered giant-like against the clear blue waves dashing in from the Gulf, three ships of war, and a number of merchant schooners, sheltered by the mossy pile were lazily tugging at their cables—and from the ocean breeze a single sail was beating against an unfavorable wind, and calmly struggling to make the port. It was becoming dark—a sudden turn hid the scene, and I seated myself for a long and a dreary ride.

Morning found us joking along, through the estate of Manga de Clavo, the country residence of the President. To the right of the road in the distance rose the long low walls of the hacienda, peering through groves of bright foliage.

It was now time to take a survey of my fellow travellers. Three of them—Don Ignacio Nunez, his beautiful daughter, the Donna Felipe, and a young Spaniard of Seville, were already known to me, we having been *compañeros de viage*, from Havana to Vera Cruz. Don Ignacio was a wealthy Mexican merchant just returning with his accomplished daughter from a visit to the Havana.

The young Spaniard, by name Francisco Gonzales, was an artist, a miniature painter, on his way to Mexico to increase his fortune and reputation, and as our professions and destination were much alike, our acquaintance, began on board the brigantine "La Estrella," had already ripened into friendship.

The other occupants of the diligencia were a worthy little Padre of La Puebla—slightly known to the party—and the commandante of the mistaken passport, of whom I have already spoken, and to say the truth, when I caught the first glimpse of his dark eye glaring from beneath his dark sombrero, I felt not a little anxious myself to know something about his credentials; but the fellow did not look considered exteedingly dangerous. Reclination after recreation had given birth to headache and pain in the limbs, and the defeat of several officials were compelled to take to the mountains. The captain of Santa Ana at the San Antonio had thrown the whole responsibility of administration would not suppress the contagion of these *bandidos*. Many of the prescribed followers of the diligencia had been taken refuge in the defiles of the mountains around Jalapa and Perote, and were lured into any a predatory life. One Juan Barradas had acquired a wide notoriety by his daring exploits, and was the terror of the whole of the very game of Puebla. The diligencia never travelled without a strong escort of dragoons, and more than once had been attacked by the band of Barradas and driven back to Jalapa. With these reports current upon the road, and consequently upon the minds of the company, I confess I felt no desire for the company of suspicious characters, and to say the least, our new acquaintance with his cravat and sombrero *did* look suspicious. He seemed to be a man of about thirty, with a deeply bronzed countenance, heavy moustache, and fierce dark eyes, I could only conjecture as to his figure as he sat enveloped in his huge Mexican cloak: a sudden pull of the stage tossed up his sombrero, revealing a scar over his left eye, but he hastily replaced the covering.

The little Padre talked incessantly. His red face, sleek hair and plump round figure, bore evidence of his disposition, and reminded you of the "friar in orders gray." He was evidently a fine round and entertained no desire to mortify the flesh with self-denial. He had been down in Vera Cruz on ecclesiastical business and was returning to his cure in La Puebla, and while he expatiated bitterly on the poor accommodations he had found in the ferior place, he appeared with evident satisfaction to the style in which the *Fonda* of Jalapa was kept. He talked freely of the robbers, assuring that the villains had an unruly respect for the holy church to molest the stage while he travelled in it. At this the stranger smiled —the Padre was disconcerted, and evidently felt ill at ease under the searching glance of the muffled traveller.

"Strange tales of these robbers, Señor," said Don Ignacio, addressing the latter—

"Bah! old women's fancies—I've travelled these roads for twenty times, and I've never been robbed yet."

"But, Señor, was the stage not stopped last year, in the month of March, by some soldiers who attended it, chased back to Jalapa? Tis so reported in Vera Cruz."

"The soldiers, most likely, robbed the stage themselves, and then getting scared at their own shadows, galloped off. To such soldiers as these—and I've seen a regiment of such myself—I say, 'Come father,' as the Duke Felippe, in a voice liquid and bewitching as her own eyes, "

The Odd Corner.

THE CHEROKEE NATION.

The following particulars, relative to the Cherokee Government, will interest many of our readers. They are extracted from the Cherokee Advocate:

The Government of the Cherokee Nation is Republican—and is composed of the Executive, Legislative, and the Judicial Departments.

The Executive Department consists of the principal Chief, an assistant principal Chief, and an Executive Council of four members.

The Principal and Assistant Chiefs are elected once in every four years, by a vote of all the qualified voters of the Nation. Every male Cherokee citizen, who has attained the age of eighteen years, being entitled to a vote.

It is the duty of the principal Chief, to see that the laws are regularly executed, and to discharge those functions usually vested in an Executive Head. He is entrusted with the veto and the power of pardoning persons convicted and sentenced to punishment for capital crimes, under certain restrictions.

The Legislative Department consists of the National Committee and the Council—each of the eight Districts into which the Nation is divided, being represented by two members in the former branch, and three in the latter. These members are elected in the same manner as the Chiefs, once every two years.

They meet annually, at Tahlequah, on the first Monday in October, in General Council, to legislate for the general affairs of the Nation. No bill can become a law until it has received the concurrence of both branches of the National Council and the approval of the principal Chief. In case the principal Chief should disapprove any bill which has passed the National Council, he returns it with his objections in writing to the body in which it originated. A vote of two-thirds of the members of the National Council is necessary to make any bill a law, the passage of which has been objected to by the principal Chief.

The powers of the National Committee and the Council are the same, except in cases of impeachment, and appropriations of money. All appropriations originate in the last Council. No act subject to approval, modification, or rejection by the National Committee.

Impeachment for violation or neglect of duty may be tendered by the Council against any public officer of the Nation. The National Committee then becomes a specially constituted court for the trial of such case.

Members of the National Council receive for their services a per diem, of three dollars, while they are in session.

The Judiciary is divided into the Supreme, the Circuit and the District Courts, whose respective duties and jurisdiction are clearly defined by law.

The Supreme Court consists of a Chief Justice and four Associates—the Circuit Court of a Judge for each of the two Judicial Circuits into which the Nation is divided—and the District Court of a Judge for each of the eight Districts.

All Judges are elected by a joint vote of the Committee and Council.

The Supreme Judges hold their seats for the term of four years, the Circuit two years, and the District one year. The first receive a per diem of five dollars, while engaged in holding Court; the second two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and the last one hundred dollars per annum.

In addition to these officers, there is also a Sheriff for each district, who is elected by the voters of his district every two years, and who receives for his services a salary of two hundred dollars per annum.

The right of trial by an impartial jury of his countrymen, and of being confronted face to face by his accusers and witnesses, and of legal advice is secured to every person amenable to, and charged with an infraction of the laws of the Cherokee Nation.

The laws of the Cherokees are not sanguinary, but unnecessarily severe—murder and treason being the only crimes punishable with death. Theft, arson, and similar offences with stripes.

Duels are reverable by law. The property of the wife cannot be sold without her consent, to satisfy debts contracted by her husband, up to the time.

The Cherokees have no system of taxation. All expenses attending the administration of their public affairs, are defrayed out of annuities received from the United States.

The public funds of the Nation are placed in the hands of a National Treasurer, who gives bond and good security for their safe-keeping and disbursement according to law. Before the National Treasurer can pay out any funds entrusted to his care, on any account whatever, an appropriation authorizing him to do so, must be first made by the National Council, by a special enactment, and a warrant be issued therefor by the Principal Chief.

All persons holding office under the Executive, Legislative and Judicial departments of the Government of the Nation, are required, before entering upon the discharge of their duties, to take oath to support and defend the Constitution and laws.

MEDITATIONS ON MR. BARRY'S NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

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The jostling crowd pants quickly o'er the pier,
The ladies forward rush with hood and shawl,
And leave the stern to Parod and bottled beer.

Now ladies seek parlor, gentlemen the bar,
So let me resume the lady manner below,
'Till o'er St. Stephen's roof the midnight bright,
With many a ton of scaffolding unlink.

Through those lancet windows, with dauntless brow,
At present nothing with the workmen's eye,
Save light, perchance, for Gothic revel,
Shall Barry's future western hearings.

Of many a building of modern date,
Shall trench by plentiful lack of stone,
Till many have about some ruin'd gate,
Shall waste his handing on the rubbish sit.

Means not the House to meet years ago,
He was regrets the noble Hall,
Ere from its ancient ruin'd site,
Even in our saloon free their wonted fees."—*Punch*

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"Any thing you please," was the reply.

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"The first man was an original," said the landlord, "but you are an imitator."

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NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the Saturday Post one year, and the Ladies' Companion one year.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the gem premium.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ R. JAMES is now each collecting more through the country than ever before. Agents and friends will be prepared to settle their bills when he calls on them.

MORRIS, of Baltimore, is duly authorized to receive subscribers and subscription for this paper.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The news has been, all this week, in a state of most animated bustle. Every body, men, women and children, seem to have partaken of the excitement, which is the result of the generally closeted election. First one party were the top wave of hope, and then another; then Polk's friends were rejoiced by their votes, when the returns shall be in, to decide who, on the Fourth of March next, is to be the appointed President of the United States. Of the details, such particulars as we were able to obtain, up to the hour of going to press, will be found in another column. To that we refer the reader.

It is painful to notice that there have been, this year, disturbances at the polls, in many of which should attend the exercise of their dearest privileges by freemen. But while we notice these unpleasant occurrences, it is a matter of honest pride to Pennsylvanians, that in our State and city, the election passed off with perfect order and exemplary quiet. This was a result which was not due to the absence of exciting causes, or to the forbearance of billingsgate language by all. A new party has disturbed the walls were, many of them, of a most inflammatory character. But the moral sense of the people, as the phrase is, "kept a sense of order which is the habit of the great mass of our citizens, secured as a triumph of the day, and in this respect—a triumph in which all parties may unite.

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THE LUCY WALKER.

We find in the Louisville Courier the following list of the passengers and crew of the Lucy Walker, so far as ascertained. Forty one persons are known to have been killed. The Courier expresses the opinion that a large number of deck passengers were lost, the number of whom cannot be ascertained, as there was no register of their names, and in all probability their bodies were consumed on board the boat. The number of deck hands was one hundred and thirty on board, only ninety-five of whom have been accounted for.

Cabin passengers.—Charles Dunn, Louisville. Nicholas Ford, do. A. E. Edwards, Shelbyville. Mr. Sanford, Mount Lexington. Mr. Morris, residence unknown, supposed to be in Ky. Jacob Meeker, Madison, in. Wm. Watt, Switchtown, Miss. Rev. James Bell, Wilson County, Ala., James Dunn, Philadelphia. Peter Phillips, Wm. Hamilton, Jacob Kirby, pilot; Wm. Spangler, a deck hand; four negro firemen, and

Badly Wounded.—Captain Thompson, pilot; Mr. Hollingsworth, Dr. Webb, Hughlington, Ky.; Rev. S. McKain, of Tennessee; Rev. James Young, of Kentucky; general merchant, from Lynchburg, Virginia.

Missing, Wounded.—Rev. D. Presley, Shawville. Miss. J. M. Augereau and wife, N. O.; Alexander Martin, W. O.; Mrs. Taylor and child, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Dr. Pengree, N. O.; M. Roberts, Philadelphia; Alexander Crayton, Louisville; Lewis Shaw.

Uninjured.—Rev. Mr. Todd, Louisville, Jno. Hood, Portland, Ky.; Henry Bowden, Mr. Charles C. Tibbs, Louisburg, Va.; G. B. Sanders, Bullitt County, Ky.; Jesse Bates, Rapides, La.; Miss Smith, of Va.; A. H. Foster, wife and two children, Greenville, S. C.; Mr. Bryan, wife, child and servant, Saint Rouge, La.; Mr. Ambo, wife, three children and servant, Columbus, Miss. W. H. Peeples, wife, four children and servant; Mr. Tilby, wife and two children, Rev. Jno. Wilson and lady; five slaves belonging to Capt. Vann.

VALPARAISO.

Dates from Valparaiso to the 16th of August, represent the country as peaceful and happy. Rulines is still President of Chili, and his administration has been attended with much success. Commerce has been perfectly unrestricted, since he came into office. He is liked very much, and the expiration of his term of office will be regretted by all. A new port has been opened on the island of Chiloe, called San Miguel. The increased call for timber is such that a large number of vessels are now loading at Valparaiso for cargoes, at San Carlos, and the government have therefore deemed it expedient to open a port for that purpose—a triumph in which all parties may unite.

There is an agreeable intermission in the general delirium of a whole community upon one subject. There is a sort of sympathy in it, which induces all to shake hands—cry-baby and illegal voting, and similar offences with stripes together who might not else speak. When every body is privileged to ask the news of every party, and every body is found to answer every body, why certainly every body must admit that this is good practical republicanism and equality. It breaks down distinctions and wipes out lines of difference, and makes our four years jubilees pleasant matters in time. There were 70 vessels in port, of which 28 are English, 4 French, 3 American, &c. The English frigate Dublin left a few days before for Callao. The English corvette Champion is now at Valparaiso, and the French frigate Adrian.

LITERARY COMPENSATION.

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It will be recollected that Santa Ana retired from public affairs to "indulge in grief" for the loss of his wife recently deceased. He has made a Dermark job of it—

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THE ALPACA.

The fabric made of the wool of the Alpaca is now so generally worn that a short account of the Alpaca sheep may not be misplaced here. The Alpaca, (Auchenia Paccos,) is a domestic animal, much used as a beast of burden by the Indians, with long hair, principally black, but slightly grizzled. It is an extremely timid little animal, and indomitable till soothed. The importance of this animal has already been felt in the manufacturing districts of Leeds, Bradford, and stuff trade, and as many on the subject have been published, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. The wool is so remarkable, being a yet black, glossy, silk-like hair, that it is found the manufacturers of Leeds, Bradford, and all others, occupying a medium position between the wool and the silk. It is now manufactured in considerable quantities in Leeds, and Bradford, and Philadelphia, Worsted Mill; Philadelphia; Messrs. Merrill's Factory, Washington City, family at Petersburg a child of Mr. H. Foster, Greenbrier, Va.; Mr. David Vann, Ark.; Mr. McKay, second clerk; two badly burned, Hughlington, (Virginia,) twelve slaves, and one deck hand.

Missing.—James Vanderberg, of Louisville; Peter Haddock, New Albany; Mr. Duncan, New Orleans; Gen. J. W. Pegram, Richmond; Va.; John H. Norris, Norfolk; Va. Zachariah Hughes, Lexington, Ky.; Richard Barnes, Mt. Washington, Va.; Wm. Hughes, Louisville; Kirby, pilot; Wm. Spangler, a deck hand; four negro firemen.

Badly Wounded.—Captain Thompson, pilot; Mr. Hollingsworth, Dr. Webb, Hughlington, Ky.; Rev. S. McKain, of Tennessee; Rev. James Young, of Kentucky; general merchant, from Lynchburg, Virginia.

Missing, Wounded.—Rev. D. Presley, Shawville. Miss. J. M. Augereau and wife, N. O.; Alexander Martin, W. O.; Mrs. Taylor and child, Norfolk, Va.; Mrs. Dr. Pengree, N. O.; M. Roberts, Philadelphia; Alexander Crayton, Louisville; Lewis Shaw.

Uninjured.—Rev. Mr. Todd, Louisville, Jno. Hood, Portland, Ky.; Henry Bowden, Mr. Charles C. Tibbs, Louisburg, Va.; G. B. Sanders, Bullitt County, Ky.; Jesse Bates, Rapides, La.; Miss Smith, of Va.; A. H. Foster, wife and two children, Greenville, S. C.; Mr. Bryan, wife, child and servant, Saint Rouge, La.; Mr. Ambo, wife, three children and servant, Columbus, Miss. W. H. Peeples, wife, four children and servant; Mr. Tilby, wife and two children, Rev. Jno. Wilson and lady; five slaves belonging to Capt. Vann.

VALPARAISO.

Dates from Valparaiso to the 16th of August, represent the country as peaceful and happy. Rulines is still President of Chili, and his administration has been attended with much success. Commerce has been perfectly unrestricted, since he came into office. He is liked very much, and the expiration of his term of office will be regretted by all. A new port has been opened on the island of Chiloe, called San Miguel. The increased call for timber is such that a large number of vessels are now loading at Valparaiso for cargoes, at San Carlos, and the government have therefore deemed it expedient to open a port for that purpose—a triumph in which all parties may unite.

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THE CANALS.

The packet boats for passengers on the Pennsylvania Canal, for Pittsburg, will discontinue running after the 15th of November inst. The freight boats will of course continue until closed by ice.

MURDER BY A MANIAC.

Mr. Moses Gaston, a keeper, or nurse in the invalid department of the Eastern Penitentiary, was instantly killed, last week, by an insane convict named John Billman, into whose cell he had gone, for the purpose of quieting him. It appears that Billman made an uproar in his cell. Mr. Gaston went to him, and when he opened the door, Billman made a dash for him, with a knife which he had secreted, and struck him in the breast, inflicting a wound in the north, with a piece of board which he had broken off from the bedstead. The wound was a fearful one, and in a few minutes Mr. Gaston was a corpse. Billman was given by other prisoners, but he succeeded in wounding another keeper, and the keeper's clothes, and was out of the cell. He was secured by two of the keepers. An inquest was instituted in accordance with the facts. Prisoner insists that he killed his own father by strangulation, and hung him in a bed sheet, with his feet touching the floor on one side. Mr. Gaston has left a wife and two children. He was about forty years of age.

NEW STORE.

Mr. Charles Adams, whose advertisement appears in the proper column, has very neatly and tastefully fitted up his new store, and filled it with a large and very handsome stock of goods. We recommend our city readers to look in upon him.

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—On Saturday, a man was killed on the railroad near Trenton, as he was run over on the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad, about one hundred yards from the depot. The deceased was deaf, and in the discharge of his duty, was attending to the switches. His left leg was nearly severed from his body, and his right ankle was fractured. Several persons were made acquainted with the circumstance, and he was taken to the hospital, where he died.

VESSEL AND CREW LOST.

The schooner Arab, John H. Mayer, master, was wrecked on the morning of the 4th of October, on Punta San Juan, between Trinidad and Cienfuegos, and every soul perished except the master, who was carried ashore on the plains in a very bruised condition. He was picked up a day or two after by a vessel and carried up into Trinidad, where he was taken in charge by the Consul and placed in care of a physician. The name of the Arab's mate was Fisher; Elliott Morton, mate; Harris, carpenter; Wm. Judson, cook; Antonio and Jose, (Spanish) sailors; Swede James Wilson, Greek Seaman. Died on board the Eagelets, 231 ult., Dr. Nathaniel Chesver, of Hallowell, Me., in the 28th year of his age. He was returning to the United States, after an unsuccessful attempt to regain his health.

MISERABLE HOAX.

In several of the papers of last week appeared a story that Mr. Jall A. Smith, of Pittsburg, had been robbed and almost killed, by Mr. Tappan, of the firm of Tappan & Bishop. The story stated that the news was contained in a postscript to a letter to Mr. Smith's wife. The letter was found by Mr. Smith and written his letter, some villain broke it open, wrote the postscript, which was an entire falsehood, sealed and despatched it. The entire sanguinel was to afflict Mrs. Smith, but Dr. Tappan is not content to be made a catspaw of in such a manner, and has instituted a libel suit against the Pittsburg Spirit of the Age, in which the publication first appeared. The inventor of the lie is not known.

THE TEXAN PRESIDENT.

It has been the impression that Hon. Anson Jones, just elected President of Texas, is opposed to the annexation of that Republic to the United States. But Com. Moore, of the Texan Navy, now in the United States, tells a different story. He says most explicitly that the President elect of the Republic of Texas is in favor of annexation to the Union, and that all the citizens, American born, are in favor of annexation. Those of European birth are indifferent. Com. Moore has left Texas, but Mrs. Moore, before he left Texas, had a conversation with Mr. Anson Jones, the President elect, on this subject, and was informed of his opinion in favor of annexation.

MALT LIQUORS.

English physicians say that the person in England who drinks the most malt liquor is more liable to locked jaw, than any other person. An English paper, some time since, stated that Mr. Whitbread, one of the partners are familiar with the fact that confirmed beerdrinkers can scarcely scratch their fingers without its pinning, and if they receive a single beer-drinker is all one vital part. He wears his heart upon his sleeve here to a death blow. The Queen feels the effects of the malt tax. The worst patients brought into the metropolitan hospitals, are those apparently fine specimens of health and strength, the beer-drinkers.

EXECUTIVE PARDONS.

The President of the United States has sent all but pardons to David McDaniel, Thomas Yeomen, J. R. D. Pretentine, Nathaniel H. Bell, and Wm. McCormick and Wm. J. Harris, six persons lately confined in the jail of St. Louis county, under different sentences, for forgery in three cases, for murder and for Charge, the Santa Fe trader. One man has been executed for the murder and left behind a child, soliciting executive aid. He did not murder. There is no question, however, that he participated indirectly, if not directly, as he professes to have seen the dead body.

WESTERN PROVISIONS.

We learn from the Cincinnati Gazette of last week, that the pork slaughter had already commenced in that city, and the weather being cool, it was expected would be unusually large. It is said that hogs will be abundant in the Cincinnati market the coming season, and of very fine quality. Many thousands have been already penned, and about 800 barrels have been packed and shipped."

A SENTENCE.

We have mentioned the conviction of a man in Baltimore, charged with superintending and procuring the rotting of fourteen men in three years, and the sentence of the Unfortunate client to be hung. His name was David Miller. He has been convicted and sentenced to six months imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred dollars. This is a pretty severe reward for his patriotism.

IN THE FAMILY.

The inauguration of Governor of Ohio in December next, will present a novel feature. The Governor elect will be transferred from son to son—acting Gov. Bartley will give place to Gov. Bartley, elect.

UNITED STATES TREASURY.

The receipts into the Treasury during the quarter ending the 30th of September were $11,225,500, and the expenditures, including $1,000,000 on public debt and payment of loan, were $7,232,844.

Local Intelligence.

A BAD RASCAL.—The runner of the Bank of the Northern Liberties, between 12 and 1 o'clock on Saturday, passed at the bank's office, and stated that he had just been robbed in South street near Market, of his book, containing checks and notes to the amount of $8,000, amounting to about $6,000. He stated that at the place above named, several men with unusually large coats on, came up to him and surrounded his threat, whilst the others took the money, and then ran off and disappeared before he had recovered himself sufficiently to raise a alarm. A reward of $1,000 is offered for the thieves and money.

ROBBER IN TOWN.—There must be a large number of rogues in town. In addition to the daring robbery of a bank-messenger noticed in another paragraph, and frequent small larcenies, we notice that Mr Charles Junius, Jr, had his pocket picked, on Saturday week, at the Union House Yard. He lost some $450, besides notes and Checks. Payment of the latter has been stopped.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Royal Visits—Trade and Statistics —Deaths of Distinguished Personages—Legislation, &c.—Rachel —The Fashions — Guano — Prize Fight — London Missionary Society—Churches &c.—Chief Rabbi of England.

Bristol, England, Oct. 10, 1844.

The newspapers are literally filled with accounts of the recent visit of Prince Albert to England; and therefore it is, that I refrain from enlarging upon that apparently inexhaustible subject, your letter. All parties, the French King, the English Queen, and the People, seem pleased with the interchanges of visits. The King of France, came home a prisoner, captured by Edward, the Black Prince; and brother Louis XVIII., the Charles X. were also prisoners, and I cannot help remarking that such visits augur favorably for the peace of Christendom. I must also add one bit of history on the subject, namely—that it is remarkable that Louis Philippe is the first French Sovereign who has visited England in peace. The King of France, came home a prisoner, captured by Edward, the Black Prince; and brother Louis XVIII., the Charles X. were also prisoners, and I cannot help remarking that such visits augur favorably for the peace of Christendom. I must also add one bit of history on the subject, namely—that it is remarkable that Louis Philippe is the first French Sovereign who has visited England in peace.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to remit their letters address-ed to us. The usual "form" of remittance is a check.
Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.
Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office un-less the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued only at the end of the current year, unless the publisher is notified to the contrary at the Publi-cation Office if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in pay-ment for our Paper.
Agents are earnestly solicited to make spirited exertions; with such a work it is difficult to keep a subscription list, and we should always give names and time paid for.
Remember, the Publication Office is No. 7 Post Office avenue, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for the West, and has the exclusive right to act for *Mason Brother, Isaac H. Smith, G. H. Cameron, J. B. Humphreys, J. T. Dow and E. T. Jennings.*
JOHN NIMMO Canada East and West.
Mr. D. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.
Mr. H. STEVENSON and JOHN F. JOHNSON are our Agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West—Louisiana and Florida excepted. *James M. Wimple, William H. Wade, O. H. P. Stow, and Henry Pratt.*
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PEIRCE collects for us in Boston and in New England generally.
L. ✓ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

THE FIRST THREE BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIAD, *accord-ing to the ordinary Text, and also with the restoration of the Digamma. To which are added Notes, &c. by Charles Anthon, L. L. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin languages, in Columbia College, N. Y. and Author of various classical works. New York: Harpers' Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves.* The student who reads himself of all the Greek he knows, will find that Anthon has here THREE Books of the Iliad may walk over the ten or twelve lines as to the one read the accounts of accidents in a newspaper, and with a far clearer under-standing than he has ever before attained. The first volume is arranged with the clearness and system which distinguish all the works by the same hand; and with a replacement of sentiment to the Greek text which adds a requires attention and industry on his part, gives glorious results for the application. We have for the volume—a pocket Notes, a Metrical Index, a Homeric glossary, and finally, to crown the whole, a reading Lexicon of all the other books, an index, to the glossary. And the glossary is arranged in a manner which encompasses all, in a natural degree from every Homeric Lexicon which has preceded it in the English language—the introduction of Bunsen and Lingard are especially noticeable. It would be easy to exercise the book seems to be admirable, and the pub-lishing up of the Anthon Library, in the manner of the rest and of a serviceable description. Verily the young people of this country are a large debt to him who has found the golden mean, between such assistance as exercises the mind, and such as opens up so wide a field with fruitless labor. Copies as are the notes and other illustrations of these books they are all useful—not tend-ing to a mere mechanical labor, but to the acquiring the point in hand, but giving the reader hints of a general knowledge, and namely of language but of antiquities, and reading a single work. The Dr's Homer is gracefully dedicated to Mr. Jacob Harper, the senior of the pub-lishing firm, and the present Mayor of New York.

THE DIARIES FOR MDCCCXLV. *A Present for all Seasons. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* In an elegant volume this is one of the most magnificent books published. Its form is a large quarto, giving the engra-vings a size and a superiority which makes advantageously presented by works of this kind. The engravings eleven in number, are accompanied by Poetry, selected in the most exquisite finish of the art, after pictures by Sully, Leslie, Huntington, Leadbeter, and others. The Poetry is from the pens of Longfellow, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Mrs. Hemans, Leslie

From the Magazines.

FROM THE UNDERTAKERS.

A LAMENT.

BY CARE-OR.

It's not that the body we get
And must fit rather may not suit,
It is not that we have to bury
An head we could be, short of having
It was not that one day we
Did not but only lay-day on you,
But we, dear friend, bother on you
Maybe down my heart, and prays upon me
Thus:
I cannot bear to see you die,
And remonstrate with other bodies!
I cannot bear to see you die,
On many days, 'mush their embodies;
I cannot bear to see you die,
Now are my victuals indigestion,
If neither me nor mine, or one may,
To vulgar mortals, die in fashion!

To see her seated in a chair,
Her head upon her hand, her
And hear that feel, dogmatic, sweet,
And that I write a letter to her,
To she which makes my self wildered hope
And cannot see your heart to beat
Like a young lover, when hope have caught him,

What if her father is the Squire,
And I'm a bailiff's daughter?
She needn't cut me in the street—
She wouldn't hurt me to do it!
But oh! my heartstrings are a-fire,
And I'm a fool to love her,
We'll be a pair, the fondest pair
That ever the parson 'ly Hymen's fingers!

Enough! Enough! I've lost the mind!
Your words have made me crazy!
Your love is mine, and mine is yours,
And so's a whole field of acres!
Come in the dance! Sally at once
Is your's proud maiden I'll vow for glory;
And these partners, and these hours
My heart, before, is her's!

And if, on 'mond Marianne!
You hear them tell about a stranger,
Who, from the first day he came
Has set her cap a-danger,
Don't mind it, for 'tis only me,
Perhaps you'll guess me by my blushes,
And wish a sigh of sympathy,
And say, "Come in a day, my young friends,
That lover is your most dear cousin!"

Sea Sketches.

THE STEWARD'S DUEL.

A Tale of Honor.

BY HEZEKIAH RINGBOLT.

There was, on board the Maria, an appendage common to all ships, called a steward, who was certainly a curiosity. The shining light of this complacent would vie with the reflected image of the sun in a tar-barrel—benevolent. Large lips were seen two or three tobacco stained tusks, when he deigned to smile. His eyes resembled two peas boiled hard, and his wool partook about equally of black and white. Flesh and blood he had little of, both of skin and bone a very fair proportion. His understanding was rather limited, his two little boys being among the missing, which circumstance can be best explained by his own language, viz:

"Why, sar, I tell you just how dem two boys tore been gone gone. You see I was gwine to Batavia in the H——, long with Captain Rod, three years dem gone since last winter. We ketched a northeaster in the bay, in quinsence of which my toes got so, as I was portentatively told. Well, when I got the ship'd, they was excruciating sore, and when we got to Batavia the excruciating symptoms were most excessive. So one day the doctor come board and look at 'em. 'Steward,' says he, 'I'll amputate 'em to-morrow.' 'Scressly obliged, sar,' says I. So next day down come the doctor. 'Oh up on table dere,' sea, he. So I gets up. Well, he takes out a most oppressive looking knife.

"'Hallo, Doctor,' sea I, 'what you gwine to do?'

"'Cut your toes off,' sea he.

"'Can my toes off,' sea I' 'why, I t'ot you was gwine to amputate 'em.'

"'So I am,' sea he.

"'Why,' sea I, 'ain't amputate a kind of a pardicose?'

"Well, if that are Dutch Doctor didn't laugh! He however, he cut the toes off, and the least what 'amputate' meant without a Dictionary.

"Steward!"

"Good gracious, dere's the old man hollerin' after me. And David hobbled down the companion way on his night toes, faster than you or I would have done on sea."

If my readers have never been passengers, let me tell them that they will always find themselves more comfortable by keeping on the right side of this imperial functionary, who, though he seldom dares to be impolient, is often witty and perforce sometimes gently for those who happen to fall under the face of his quarter-deck. I have seen unfortunate individuals with their hands in the suds, minus a towel, singing out: "Steward! steward! to the peril of their lungs, while the darkey was on deck, leisurely cleaning boots for his lawyers, and murmuring to himself: "Holler way, dere—do your trust gone!" Now, as I happened to be a passenger, I was naturally desirous of having all the comforts that steamers are capable of; for at least I often a miserable one. The cook is a happier man than a passenger on a long voyage, especially if the latter happen to be a steward, as he has time to cultivate himself about. He are overhauled and laid aside: meals entered, for want of exercise, with difficulty digested, for when you walk the deck you are sure to be in some one's way; if you attract hold of the weather main brace to bend your muscles, it is insinuated that there are enough to work ship without you; and if you choose to look aloft, the captain looks thunder clouds as if he thought you were criticising the trim of the sails. Oh, that was a long tedious passage! Two years before the mast! The mast hall so long as four months in that ship's cabin.

However, as I was remarking, having a desire to be as comfortable as circumstances would admit, I speedily insinuated myself into the good graces of the steward, by means of which shilling tobacco reduced and cigars, and kind words—but this enviable position was attended with this slight inconvenience—that all the glasses that awaited his gentle lesson found next in order. Many were the recruits I was compelled to listen to, unable to afford relief, especially while they stammered the "old man," who often assumed himself with hanging of his fancied crimes against book-keeping, to the imminent danger of the latter's head. The only title of consolation, I could offer him for his fancied cause of complaint, was advice to be thankful that his place escaped knighted.

The other passenger was a young gentleman, who, perhaps, from neglecting his cage at sea, was at I have been giving, enjoyed but little of David's good will, expressed no more attention and service from him than he was absolutely obliged to render. His evidence of nerve touched his chair room left in decided bad night, and kindly other negligences he experienced. Of course he took no heed he could, until a sudden revolution took place after we were at I was taking my accustomed walk after breakfast, one fine Saturday morning, and I got turned all toward the quarter-gallery, when out rushed David therefrom, with his steward's coat on, a most desperate expression of countenance, and jumped on deck, the image of rage and righteous vengeance.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what now? you look like a second wave—what's the matter?"

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"I'll tell you what's the matter, steward! I'll bash his head in!" All when exclamations and accompanied by a stamp of the foot, gesticulations on the main into a chaos of laughter, and would have ended upon the likewise, had not an idea at further spot taken possession of his brain.

"This is an laughing matter," said I, "why, Mr. Pirtle, I am astonished at you—and David I am really sorry for you, for it was indeed an outrageous insult, and, as you say, you took the main upon your back—but why be so put out with blood, my jassels are at your service, however. I have no idea that Mr. Johnson will fight. A point will frighten him."

"I'll bash his head in," repeated David; "yes, sar, he shall fight if he don't, as my body call me a coward! for him my way. I starve he fast too."

Well, then," said I, "you must challenge him, that's all. Now go to the galley and get me a cup of tea."

"I don't want no tea, sar," I repeated below, and gave Johnson his cue.

For long that gentleman roams leisurely on deck and walking to the leeward, looked over the side and smoked his meerschaum quite coolly. The appointment of getting the challenge "in proper form" was not long over David, who presented himself before his victim with all the dignity of a Count Joseph, endeavoring to accompany his speech with a look calculated to intimidate a Napoleon, and—I shall be expected to exercise—his message in the twinkling of a bed post.

"Master Johnson," said he, "you is afraid to, you've got a uncertain stab on my dickey, and I only gives it to he afraid to fight like a bird! Fusion is contemplated to be the substantiation, and you will please demise his time to."

Mr. Johnson was not annihilated, nor did he grow fang. On the contrary, David's surprise and anxiety is compared at his unbuttoned cheek and sleepy reply.

"If it was not in obusive your impudence, I'd not condescend to meet you; but you shall have your wish. At the meeting be upon the main deck this afternoon at 3 o'clock, after the Captain has turned in. Mr. Ringbolt and Mr. Pirtle, I presume, will be my seconds," and he coolly walked away, leaving David to quick consultation after a word, to the respected courage of Mr. Johnson, when he had manifested, by his interview with the latter gentleman, such entire friendship for the steward, and which I had the honor to act as his solicitor and his second.

"Look here, say," said he, as soon as Mr. Johnson had disappeared, "look here! dat are de last time I ever speak to he. What's it of dat?"

"Why, to be sure," replied Mr. Pirtle, "you asked him, didn't you? Now you'll have to fight without changing the jury, and every thing's going on quietly, a fair challenge and an encounter bear-ohb cup, walked in, and probably nobody be wounded, and then you'll count after his usual fashion, called out in a free and easy sort of way, 'Well, how are you all?'"

"Ah! A Week is a word as signifier to be, or not to be suffer, which is all the question, and enough too, as ever I was taught; and there's a week before, I'm For I'm afraid he's a beast sometimes a dam' and continually a sufferin.'"—Morton Classicorum.

"The difference of time between Baltimore and Washington is about a minute and a half. As the telegraph transmits communications in a second. You'll asked me to fight, and you shall fight. If you don't, I'll heave you overboard to feed the sharks."

This was a settler. Whatever latent courage Mr. Johnson was in David's breast, seemed to spread over all his anatomy, as he muttered—"That's an intimation you'll be impairment for 'em' the afternoon at 'one o'clock !!"

Well and inexplicable look bing about David's countenance that day. He made several mistakes as to his dinner, putting salt where his tea should have been, and flour and burning his pancakes—all which called down the benedictions of the "old man," who threw a plate at his head, and then ceased him breaking it, and finally charged it to his account.

"Look," said the steward, after dinner was over and the two colored gentlemen were seated on the quarter-deck, "I'm going washing their clothes. "Look, I feels a little discombobulated, but I'm not gwine to be 'combobulated when I'm dead. I'm not afraid you vots here on-copied in our profession. If I falls in dis encounter, you'll get promoted. Now mine words I tell you: when you gits to be steward, jus you mind your figgerin' and your writin', and your dignity's wholly get my life in jeopardy nowhow. Promise me dat, sar, for I'm in earnest, and tell 'em to 'take the bidder side too. Now only look at my eye—you'll see I'm a gemman, lib or die, and not how does here toes been gone gone. You see I was gwine to Batavia in the H——, long with Captain Rod, three years dem gone since last winter. We ketched a northeaster in the bay, in quinsence of which my toes got so, as I was portentatively told. Well, when I got the ship'd, they was excruciating sore, and when we got to Batavia the excruciating symptoms were most excessive. So one day the doctor come board and look at 'em. 'Steward,' says he, 'I'll amputate 'em to-morrow.' 'Scressly obliged, sar,' says I. So next day down come the doctor. "Oh up on table dere,' sea, he. So I gets up. Well, he takes out a most oppressive looking knife.

"'Hallo, Doctor,' sea I, 'what you gwine to do?'

"'Cut your toes off,' sea he.

"'Can my toes off,' sea I' 'why, I t'ot you was gwine to amputate 'em.'

"'So I am,' sea he.

"'Why,' sea I, 'ain't amputate a kind of a pardicose?'

"Well, if that are Dutch Doctor didn't laugh! He however, he cut the toes off, and the least what 'amputate' meant without a Dictionary.

"Steward!"

"Good gracious, dere's the old man hollerin' after me. And David hobbled down the companion way on his night toes, faster than you or I would have done on sea."

If my readers have never been passengers, let me tell them that they will always find themselves more comfortable by keeping on the right side of this imperial functionary, who, though he seldom dares to be impolient, is often witty and perforce sometimes gently for those who happen to fall under the face of his quarter-deck. I have seen unfortunate individuals with their hands in the suds, minus a towel, singing out: "steward! steward!" to the peril of their lungs, while the darkey was on deck, leisurely cleaning boots for his lawyers, and murmuring to himself: "Holler way, dere—do your trust gone!" Now, as I happened to be a passenger, I was naturally desirous of having all the comforts that steamers are capable of; for at least I often a miserable one. The cook is a happier man than a passenger on a long voyage, especially if the latter happen to be a steward, as he has time to cultivate himself about. He are overhauled and laid aside: meals entered, for want of exercise, with difficulty digested, for when you walk the deck you are sure to be in some one's way; if you attract hold of the weather main brace to bend your muscles, it is insinuated that there are enough to work ship without you; and if you choose to look aloft, the captain looks thunder clouds as if he thought you were criticising the trim of the sails. Oh, that was a long tedious passage! Two years before the mast! The mast hall so long as four months in that ship's cabin.

However, as I was remarking, having a desire to be as comfortable as circumstances would admit, I speedily insinuated myself into the good graces of the steward, by means of which shilling tobacco reduced and cigars, and kind words—but this enviable position was attended with this slight inconvenience—that all the glasses that awaited his gentle lesson found next in order. Many were the recruits I was compelled to listen to, unable to afford relief, especially while they stammered the "old man," who often assumed himself with hanging of his fancied crimes against book-keeping, to the imminent danger of the latter's head. The only title of consolation, I could offer him for his fancied cause of complaint, was advice to be thankful that his place escaped knighted.

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